

The Moody Blues, The Word

This garden universe vibrates complete.
Some, we get a sound so sweet.
Vibrations reach on up to become light,
And then through gamma, out of sight.
Between the eyes and ears there lie
The sounds of color and the light of a sigh.
And to hear the sun, what a thing to believe,
But it's all around if we could but perceive.
To know ultra-violet, infra-red, and x-rays,
Beauty to find in so many ways.
Two notes of the chord, that's our full scope,
But to reach the chord is our life's hope.
And to name the chord is important to some,
So they give it a word, and the word is OM.